

For the Children

A CHILD'S SONG.

By Charles Wesley.

Loving Jesus, meek, and mild,
Look upon a little child.
Make me gentle as thou art,
Come and live within my heart.
Take my childish hand in thine,
Guide these little feet of mine.
So shall all my happy days
Sing their pleasant song of praise.
And the world shall always see
Christ, the holy Child, in me.

THE CAKE THAT PRISSY MADE.

"I am going to make a cake and take it over to the new minister's wife today," said Mrs. Wood. "I am sure she won't have had time to cook much when she's been so busy all the week getting settled down. And it's likely she'll have a strange minister or two to tea tomorrow, since that convention is being held over at Exbridge."

"May I help make the cake, mother?" asked Prissy. "Of course, you may, girlie. If it wasn't for the minister's wife I'd let you make it all by yourself." For ten-year-old Prissy was a famous little cook and very proud of the fact.

But just after dinner that day word came that Aunt Janette Wood, over at Exbridge, had had another "spell." Mr. and Mrs. Wood hastily got ready and drove away, leaving Prissy in charge with many directions and warnings.

When Prissy was left alone, she remembered about the cake that was to have been made for the new minister's wife. Mrs. Wood had forgotten all about it. "But I'll make it," said Prissy resolutely. "I know I can make it good, and I'll take such pains."

So Prissy went to work in a housewifely fashion, tying a big frilled apron about her and looking as wise as a baker's dozen of little cooks. Very carefully indeed did she mix and measure and stir. Then came the baking, and Prissy hovered over the range until her jolly little round face was as red as one of the big peonies in the garden outside. But she felt repaid for all her trouble and worry when the cake came out of the oven light and puffy as golden foam.

"Now for the icing," said Prissy triumphantly; "and after tea I'll put it in the long basket and take it up to the manse."

By this time, Prissy was a little tired; so she rather hurriedly beat up the confectioner's sugar for the icing, and didn't even scrape out the bowl for her own sweet tooth, as she usually did.

After tea, when the icing on the cake was beautifully smooth and firm, Prissy dressed herself in her second-best blue-plaid gingham and started out to carry her gift to the manse, leaving brother Ted in charge of home affairs.

She was not just sure where the manse was. The Wood family had been living in River Valley only two months themselves; and Prissy had never been up the Exbridge road before, and had not yet seen the new

minister's wife. When she had walked about a mile she met the little boy who sat at the desk next to hers in school, and Prissy very politely asked him to direct her to the manse. And the little boy who sat at the next desk answered just as politely that she must take the next turn to the right, and the third house from the corner on the left-hand side was the manse.

Prissy followed these directions and her nose, and soon found herself on the manse veranda. She rang the bell, asked the trim maid for Mrs. Stanley, and was whisked into the sitting room, where a very pretty lady with brown eyes was arranging some books. "Please'm," said Prissy, feeling horribly shy all at once, "please'm, I've brought you a cake. Mother thought you might like it—because you've been so busy moving in."

The lady's brown eyes twinkled pleasantly. "Sit down, dear," she said. "And so your mother has sent me a cake. It is very sweet and thoughtful of her. I haven't a bit in the house, and I have been very much rushed. Now, which of my kind new neighbors is this nice mother of yours? And you'll tell me your own name, too, won't you?"

"Mother is Mrs. Chester Wood," said Prissy, "and my name is Priscilla Marian Wood, but everybody calls me Prissy. Mother meant to make that cake for you herself; but she had to go to see Aunt Janetta after dinner—Aunt Janetta takes spells, you know—and so I made it myself. I hope you'll like it, although, of course, it isn't as good as mother could make."

Prissy had not noticed the surprised expression which came over the hearer's face when she told her name. When the latter spoke, there was a queer little tremor in her voice. "It was very kind of your mother and very sweet of you. I—I—didn't expect it. Your cake looks so tempting that I am sure it is good, and I'm going to get a knife and sample it right away. I feel really hungry for a bit of cake. I haven't had any for over a week, you see."

She got a knife and cut a generous slice of the cake. She offered it to Prissy, but Prissy declined politely. She was not sure whether it would be good manners to bring a cake to a minister's wife and then help to eat it. So her hostess took a big brave bite of the slice herself. Then a queer look came over her face, and she got up and whisked out of the room without a word. When she came back her face was very red, but she ate up the rest of the slice, and told Prissy that it was delicious. She did not eat the icing. She left that lying on her plate.

She asked Prissy a great many questions about her mother and herself, and when Prissy went away, she told her that she would come over the very next day and see her mother. Of course, Prissy said politely that they would be very glad to see her, but in her secret heart she did think it odd that the minister's wife should go visiting on Sabbath.

She was at Sabbath-school the next day when the visitor came.

"Marian!" said Mrs. Wood in amazement.

"You expected me, didn't you?" said her caller. "I told Prissy I would come today. I couldn't wait until Monday. It was so good of you to think of me and of